

Apostrophe to Hope

and Other Poems

Laura Hull-Morris





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Apostrophe to Hope

and

Other Poems

By
Laura Hull-Morris



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1915

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no. 1

To

MY LADY JOSEPHINE

(Mrs. A. B. F.)

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

IN AFFECTION

L. H. M.

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Apostrophe to Hope

APOSTROPHE TO HOPE

HOPE rears her head, star-eyed, love-crowned,
And smiles when all else frowns.
Likened to rainbow arch in sky,
Anchor to soul and gleam of the sun,
Oh where may likeness to thee be found, sweet
 Hope?

Thou art to seafarer, anchor and light;
To wayfarer, love and home;
To weakness, strength; to sickness, health;
To sin, salvation; to strife, repose;
To doubt, the trust that doth restore.

 Hope, thy name is bright!
Faithful as friend throughout the dark night.
Repulsed, thou dost rise, in hut, cell, or home;
The poor man's wealth, the rich man's boon.
The Christian's faith through long years of
 striving,

The artist's star, just for the toiling,
Not for the hoard, that limited word,
But for greater gain, the soul's enlarging.

 Success is a vain word.
How know we when we succeed in lines which
 grow to infinity?

Apostrophe to Hope

From beginnings, small and dwarfish, hope is
the thought.

She beckons, guides, leads, o'er stony paths,
Through darkest waters, always smiling, ever
nodding,

No man she passes by, or if she would,
An awful darkness would fall on him

Like weight of careworn ages.

Impetus to light hearts, light feet and busy
loving hands.

The Unseen! the Mighty! She springs from the
deep;

'Gainst the tide she leaps; silent, defensive;

Making fair th' impossible.

Gilding the dawn of thought, scarce formed,
Tim'rous, weak, to deeds of inspiration wrought.
Patient in pain, present in sorrow; the crystal in
tears;

Germ in the grain to blossom tomorrow.

Thou art spirit of justice, fair Hope.

These are thy offices, yet more; for at the last
Thou desertest not; to the conscience,
Thy soft whispers lend a light to guide the spirit
After feet and hands, too wearied, refuse their
bidding.

And at the river where all travelers cross,
In the same way, with pageant left behind,
Simply, surely, even there, sweet Hope, thou
failest not.

Then the way is bright, the way that rich and
poor

Apostrophe to Hope

5

And sad and gay, must pass alike, is smooth and
bright

By thy glad rays, dear Hope.
Beacon light! thou'rt all there is, save God.

1898.

INGRATITUDE

WERE all the hordes of hell
Barking at your high estate
You owe but loyalty for a benefit.
Gratitude is graven on the tombs of saints;
And rightly, too, for it is most sublime and rare!
Graven on the hearts of but a few,
'Twere ever so; I ne'er have given greatness;
Generosity; but that it fell as heart-break to the
giver;
And as thunderbolt from hell.
And so, is earthly gain!
He who knows not what he owes unto another,
Shall, by Time, be taught;
As pulses slower grow in days of contemplation,
Justice comes! It is a thing accurst,
Not to know a benefit.
Not to reckon with the Great Assayer;
And so the triumph comes to him who hath
most nobly wrought;
To him who, in the plenitude of his great spirit,
Must suffer and grow strong—
In the nobility of acts, which may meet with no
acclaim;
Until Old Time shall say:

Ingratitude

7

"These privileges are mine, and none shall
gainsay me.

My gifts are mighty, as my words;

For I am the ultimate;

The end; which inscribes upon the scroll

Of long-lived Fame, and enrolls

The motive and the spirit."

Let ingratitude be engraven only

On the fronts of fiends,

'Tis not the high, or mighty mien;

'Tis the displeasure of the gods to reckon with,

There is no mien hatefuller to angels or to men

Than foul-faced Ingratitude.

It is fit for devils only in their hell;

It is a grievous stain.

June 16, 1915.

SOLITUDE

Out upon the sea's broad sweep
No life save mine, near all this vasty deep
To eye discovered; save seagull's silent flight
Afar, across the blue of wave and light
Of shimmering seas, that lash
Their shores in e'er recurrent foam; and dash
Their rocky sides in rhythmic song.

'Midst tangled cedar's undergrowth I sit,
'Neath soughing vines, and earth's black loam,
unlit

By summer's sun; and hear these waters woo
In strain invincible; in gentlest cadence sue.

Here, I, alone, would fain its soft refrain
Interpret, divine its noble strain,
In solitude's most grateful lay.

The spring's soft gurgle and its trickling stream
More eloquent than words of man, would seem

To still his moanings. The waving fern,
Whose roots 'neath yonder rock discern

In humble eloquence its feathered greens,
Turns toward the sea, and forward leans
To find its kind in ocean deeps.

Each has a voice; the tendrils roam
 Unfettered; white sea cap's foam
 In monotone and e'er repeated swell
 'Gainst rock-ribbed sides and mossy fell;
 The seagull's silent swing
 Above, adown, on graceful wing
 All basked in autumnal sun.

* * * * *

The ship's soft course, the shaded bower;
 The widening water's greater power.
 Hast soul untouched? Come list to waves that
 lap
 These shores, as far mid-ocean cap
 Of foam another seeks all merged in endless
 song.

Cedars sad as cypress with their promise of
 evergreen
 Prie-Dieu and mossy shrines, from out their
 copses lean;
 Here the soul essays to speak
 Its holiest utterances, in meek
 Expression, in this sanctuary of infinite
 mystery.

* * * * *

Sunshine, silence, solitude!
 O trinity to man, of triune good!
 Hast time to think? to Source of these
 Thy reck'ning turn, and spirit sees
 Divinity everywhere, and God in all.

10 Apostrophe to Hope

And now the atmosphere is gray, and sky and
 sea;

 Their symphony in minor key;
Enchanting as a fragment of some sweet
 Forgotten song; and past and present meet
 In Memory's holy psalmody.

September, 1905.

A SONG OF REUNION

LET happiness renew, let joy come forth!
And Angel of Mirth, spread your wings over all.
Let the precious gladness, forth, like the sun;
 Even the sunbeams of life.
Love rules over all, while he serves;
Let Love be entwined with laurel leaves,
And with olive branch be plumed!
Welcome him as one mighty;
 A greater than king.
Shout with gladness, he enters where he will;
Abides, giving joy, giving peace
 And bringing cheer.
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS! LOVE IS HERE!

March 23, 1905.

TO A YOUNG CHILD

QUAINT of speech and fair of feature
Beauty of face and form;
Something rarer still, and sweeter,
Is the charm of early morn,
In this child's enchanting spirit
Shedding to the atmosphere,
Something which God gives with merit,
And changes not when years are sere.

June, 1899.

TO A FRIEND

(A TOAST)

THERE are times for us all in the day
When our hearts full of hope and joy
Make the rustle of wings seem not far away
And life is without alloy.

The sunshine has a goldener hue,
The air has life in its trend,
And this is the time in the day to renew
When we see the face of a friend.

WIND-SPRITES

(MARCH)

HEAR the songs the winds are singing!
In full chorus gaily ringing!
Tell me, wind-sprites, what you're singing.
Merry song you sing to-day,
In roulade and roundelay?

O'er the high and lofty gables,
Telling us in wild weird fables
Of the sprites that haunt the gables,
Are you merry, are you glad,
Then why make the heart so sad?

Do you shriek or cry in pain,
Is your moan for many slain
In the life-strife and the pain,
Or are you glad and gay,
Your song roulade and roundelay?

February 19, 1901.

CHANT PRAISES TO THE LORD

"Religion, love, and music; are they not the triple expression of one fact,—the need of expansion, the need of touching with their own infinite the infinite beyond them, which is in the fibre of all noble souls? These three forms end in God, who alone can unwind the knot of earthly emotion."

BALZAC.

THE Lord will defend me and build up His
mighty fortress

About me. He will abide with me for I believe!

Mighty His judgments and just,
Merciful that His judgments are not the judgments

Of men, but that He alone is Almighty.

I love to praise Him in the silence

When He cometh to abide as my strength.

For my weakness is His promise of help.

He forsaketh not the cry of the wounded
heart.

He heareth and answereth. Let me praise Him

In the sanctuaries of His creations.

I am not afraid when my Saviour is my
friend.

I am not afraid.

Nor perils nor dangers of the night can assail.

He disperseth all my fear. Let me meet His
favor;

He hath promised all things to His faithful,

Even His radiant presence,

And in mercy He answereth prayer.

August 15, 1905.

MY LADY JOSEPHINE

BEAUTIFUL to look upon,
A queen of gracious mien,
A woman pure and gentle
Is my Lady Josephine.

Her words are music on the air,
Her voice is sweet and low,
Caressing, soft and rhythmic
As summer sounds that come and go.

Her mind is a jeweled casket,
Store of treasure rich and rare;
Beautiful her soul within—
Her presence wondrous fair.

“Who can paint the lily?”
In vain for words I seek;
Phrases fail and naught avails
When I of my friend would speak.

Her thoughts are lofty, noble,
She will always find I ween,
Friends and friendships manifold—
My Josephine, my queen.

YE WAVES OF THE WINDS

YE invisible waves of winds in space,
Like ocean's billows' measured rythm,
Continuously do flow.
Like water's waves, and yet are dry.
Temper with thy gentlest touch, O winds,
When Sahara's heated breath,
Or Tempest's awful threat
Thy bosom heaves.
Soothe with velvet touch
The fevered pillow and the night's slow ache;
Enter the homes of those who toil
With freshening caress, in Summer's torrid heat;
To the weary and the needy, bring rest—
Thy fresh, sweet nectared wine—
From ocean's bed, full-filtered.
And when the ice king 'shrouds the earth
In pitiless embrace,
To suffering be thou kind;
Blow gently, and bring balm, ye waves
From ether's endless sea.

August.

TO A DRAGON FLY

THOU pretty thing in Nature's realm

Where hast thou found thy gorgeous raiment,
Thy jewels, the soft flutterings of thy gilded
wings,

Thine insouciance and thy grace?
Thy imperious, lofty ways, amongst thy meaner
kind,

Whence thy poses, catching the sunlight in
thine eyes?
The brightest breeze that plays, as clear and
limpid

As the lake, is thine, in which to dip
Thy brilliant wings, and soar aloft, away
Above the sulky grub and impish toad.

Thou risest, like a pendant into space
Of clustered setting of all precious gems
Abounding in thy beauteous form.

Dost know that thou art ornament of all about
thee?

How gay thou art! No burden save thy jewelled
self.

Thy pastime, but to rise, to soar,
To fly to some green leaf or to another;
To top of tree or blade of grass,

Nor fear for thy safe moorings. So perfected
Is thy form in all proportions
Of grace and equipoise, that laughter
Seems within thy wings, and thou mightest be
The emblem of all gaiety. Dost know that thou
art regnant

In the ether? The blue is thine, the turf,
The bush, the green, the sward.

And how know we, that stars are not to thee?
Thou toilest not, but all the bright long day,
Thou'rt tipping this and lipping there
Accusing all as thine. Thou art not made for
grovelling,

Beauteous thing! And whence and where
Thy dainty mainspring, toy? What mechanism
Clothed within so rare a beauty
To propel a dainty thing. And who dare say,
thee nay,

Or aught to make thee pause?

THE RAIN

How the dripping from the eaves
Starts the fancy going,
Peopling with sprites the leaves,
Their songs in music flowing.

Music sweeter, gentler far
Than all earth's children maketh,
No discord there can ever mar
And the soul's thirst it slaketh.

Oh, the dripping, dropping rain!
The sprites a cadence weaving
Into harmonious sweet refrain,
Our weary souls relieving.

As tears are sent to ease the heart
When it throbs in pain,
So Nature's needs to her impart
In the bounty-giving rain.

September, 1900.

GOD'S WAY

THOUGH I might have had it otherwise
Than the way it has been sent,
Hard as the way and slow the pace
Strength to me ever was lent.

When bitter foes assailed
And tried God's ends to thwart,
He gave them just enough of power
To lead them to the mart

Where all roads lead to Him;
For every child his lot
Ordained, for time, has been,
And for eternity changes not.

What waste of time and moments spent,
What feverish haste in vain!
Slow to learn His one great word
Growth is travail and pain.

But for the foes and dangers past
I had never reached the heights.
These are His labourers in the plan;
So I bless the Hand that smites.

With pity, think of those who dare
 To change His plan, to try
 Their own, in Life's great plan
 And send them but a sigh.

And thank my foes, as suns arise
 As they see their work is done;
 For what is mine shall be my own
 Unchanging as the sun

In its long course, to rise and set;
 Yet ever shines the while,
 'Tis my short vision only
 That I must reconcile

That it illumines another way
 When I have not the light,
 For kindly He withholds the glare
 For clearer, nobler sight

Of truths learned on the way,
 Better to climb, than with a bound
 To heights attain; through Sorrow's plan
 And deeper plummets sound.

I ride or walk, or sit and wait,
 I know those near are likewise tried
 With burdens, which each strives to bear
 With courage, putting pain aside.

So I take my cup of bitterness
If my soul it doth expand,
For life is living something more
For this offering from His hand.

True, His way not mine, oh no!
Paved with heart pangs and soul ache,
And if I the way could know,
My strength would waver and forsake.

But 'tis thus the fibre forms
For storms and clouds o'ercast,
And gives strength to endeavor
To reach the haven at last.

Nor hand of man or demon
Can from me this prize wrest;
For what is mine is surely mine
If I claim it in the quest.

And if I claim it not, and pray
Thy will, not mine, be done,
As rivers flow unto the sea,
A Hand will lead me on.

1904.

OF LOVE

OH who can sing of love!

 The gentle tender tie that binds
Within its chain and never finds

 The fault or tear
And naught to fear;

 Oh who can sing of love!

 Of love which knows no change

 For time or aye,

 What minstrel's lay

 Can sing?

SEPTEMBER

ALL hail, September! Harbinger of fall of leaf
and bloom,

With promise of the freshness of the frost.

After days of weariness, of lassitude and ease,

Return to active life and freshened buoyant air.

Decay and failure thou foretellest,

Hope's chastisement and withholding,

To come in greater beauty in the spring.

Vacation days of rest, the fuller days of toil,

Pulses quickened by the lessons of the past,

Of hopes and their fulfillment,

Delays and failures blended,

Typified in seasons of the year.

1901.

MY NATIVE HOME

FAIR City of the Plains,
Your fame would bid us know
That Nature smiled upon you
When she named you long ago.
Your trees are tall and stately,
Your banks are mossy green;
Your skies are bluer than the blue
Of other skies, I ween.

You are fairer than the heather
That o'er your valley blows,
Fanned by gentle breezes
Its spreading beauty sows.
You are to me the measure
Of a childhood's happy home;
Memory twines a wreath in pleasure
When in far off lands I roam.

Fair City of the Plains,
I love your hills and dales;
My mind doth fondly ponder
The soft breezes in your vales.

As no others, since, have done,
Their sweet songs have touched my heart
With a music almost magic;
Bidding all but joy depart.

Though framed in plains of beauty
Your outlook is from high hills,
I quaff a long draught to you
From out your flowing rills;
May Nature's horn of plenty
O'er all your valleys strow
Her contents ever lavish
All good things to bestow.

Join in fraternal union
Success to your sons and their sires;
All joy to mothers and daughters
Who build 'round their altars the fires
Of love as your beacon
To your days guiding star,
And brave men and fair women
Send your praises anear and afar.

February 14, 1900.

POURQUOI?

I KNOW not why I should be sad,
The heaven's vault is blue;
The stars are shining for us all
And I have you;

The birds are singing in the boughs,
The leaflet is in green,
The world is full of beauty
As we have seen.

It storms, sometimes, and rains;
Tears fall, and chilly blast.
Why does the sunshine flicker
And shadows last?

While I have you, my darling,
I will not give way to pain
As we pluck the flowers together
That bloom in rain.

January, 1900.

LITTLE LADY BABY MINE

(*To Baby T—*)

I HAVE a little baby,
Her lips are petals of the rose;
Her eyes are blue as any skies,
And on her brow the whiteness
Of the lily grows.

O she is blithesome!
And so lithesome
Her soul is all sunshine;
She is dainty, sweet, and winsome
Little Lady Baby Mine.

1901.

AFTER PARTING

THE music's throb and the poet's rhyme,
The painter's art and the truant time,
The sculptor's work and the voyage long,
The architect's draft and the singer's song,
Can charm but little; less repay,
When the voice we cannot hear, though near,
And from companionships so dear
We are withheld, through passing years;
Though absence all our loves endears.
In tenderer strain yet yearns the heart
And longing more, with bitter smart;
So turns to strong Endeavor's test
And consecrates to works' behest;
That days shall go, tomorrows come,
And bring to us our loved ones home.
In reunion, find our mercies sweet
As the faithful in their Heaven meet.

May 31, 1904.

WISHING

How futile were wishing, and beautiful too,
If wishing be part of that we shall do;
Not foolishly pining for that unpossessed,
But rather the prayer of the righteous and
blest.

How gaily caparisoned the horses might go
Which "beggars might ride" if wishing were
so;
And not for the earning of what shall be ours,
For 'tis only by effort that we gain of our
powers.

Oh the *élan* of wishing, when thoughts troop
around
In which justice and beauty and fairness
abound!
Sending gloom and distrust, with love's colors
flying
In the place of despair, whose embers lay
dying.

And wise wishes are often the prophets, fore-
telling
Of what is to come; of fears oft dispelling;

Placed in our consciousness, there to abide,
Till prophecy, true, no doubt can betide.

Ah the uplift of wishing! when Fancy runs riot
In the arcades of Time where, 'mid peace and
the quiet
Of Thought's silent Temple, the soul's mystic
shrine,
Gives up legions of wishes from the wealth of
its mine.

For the best of the Muses, the crafts and the arts
That beauty and truth shall obtain in the
hearts
Of Mankind's suffering children, and no longer
their pain:
Then the end of all wishing is Life's greatest
gain.

June 4, 1905.

TO MY BABY BOYS

(A LULLABY)

ONE with fair hair with a glint of the gold,
Another dear head in my arms to enfold.

* * * * *

Eyes light with laughter,
Making sunshine for all;
Smiles in their dear depths
Raise the gloom's darkest pall.

Pure as the lily heart
From which the bee sips,
Purer than heart of lily
Are my dear babies' lips.

Tears on the cheeks, loves,
Angels should not weep,
They are sent earth to brighten
While they their vigils keep.

Love-touched with fay fingers
The deep dimples attest,
Knuckle, cheek, chin, and knee;
Rest, my sweet babies, rest.

* * * * *

Shall coming years be freighted
With flowers and evergreens,
To you a special mission
To bowers and fairy scenes?

Ah me, dear ones, I fear sometimes,
That tears amid the laughter
May come in notes discordant,
And leave their traces after.

I kiss my baby boys to sleep
And pray for Heaven's blessing,
Trusting the Father over all,
My helplessness confessing;

And when no Mother bends the knee
And they gaze at a heart at rest,
They will bear her where the cypress blooms,
And know that what is, is best.

March 14, 1899.

CHOPIN

MIGHTY builder of Gothic Temples! Mystic
shrine!

Inspired and created in revered design.
Heritage of more than classic lore;
Singer whose forms and strains shall soar
To touch the world-heart; its harmonies to
fashion;
The world-heart to touch, its fickleness, its
passion.
Its steadfastness, its soul, its fancy;
By his wondrous necromancy.

* * * * *

From thy gables spring melodies
Like cataracts' splash—roundelays,—
Hurling down from the mountains!
Silver spray, from the fountains!
Glinting and sprinting their lovely sheen
Like jewels flashing in sunlight seen.
Concealed now by turret and lost to view,
Then sparkling o'er tower in gay crest of dew.

Traceries rare, as old patterns in lace;
Inwrought, o'erwrought, in rarest of grace;

Architect, subtle in shadow and light,
When the winds moan 'mid thy turrets at
night,
Thy noble structure returns their refrain
And thou singest in earth's saddest strain.

* * * * *

In thy gables and turrets and towers of song
The soul finds abode and abideth long.
Builder, O Builder, thou hast not wrought in
vain
Since thou spakest all moods to the long
human train.
Structure stuccoed in jewels,—crystallized tears.
Their high vaulted dome to heaven appears.
Dazzling heights, O Builder, whence thy soul
man can view;
Temple shrine where may worship thy devout
chosen few.

SILENCE

OPAQUE as in the mind's recesses
Silence holds her subtle sway.
Folds us in her mantle's meshes,
Points us to our inner day.
In shadowy lines to us unsealing
Visions of the better man;
Of Life's truths the mines revealing
As the turmoil never can.
Seed is planted in the sunlight,
In the sun-lit day;
Matured by fruitful dew of twilight,
From tumult far away.

August 14, 1901.

THE RAIN IS ON THE ROSES

THE rain is on the roses, Alice dear, Alice dear,
The rain is on the roses, Alice dear,
But to-morrow's sun will brighten,
And our hearts with joy will lighten;
Their message then shall greet you,
Alice dear.

Heaven-sent tears are fruitful, Alice dear, Alice
dear,
Heaven-sent tears are fruitful, Alice dear;
They will bloom in greater glory,
They will tell a sweeter story,
When they greet you on the morrow,
Alice dear.

June 4, 1905.

EXTASE

(IMPRESSIONS IN THE EARLY MORNING)

GLORIOUS are the hills!
Song all time fulfills;
My heart in rapture thrills
To the glory of the hills.

To my soul the sight
Of this early morning's light
Shows Nature's rapturous might
In all her native right.

'Mid boughs and branch, the trills
From music's throat; and thrills
The air; as flow the rills
Adown the verdant hills

In Nature's wondrous lay,
From early light of day
Till sunset's latest ray.
My soul, make no delay

Extase

41

To praise for gifts so rare
As this delight to share
And fling away thy care
In joys of earth and air.

May 5, 1904.

MEDITATION

(Le bon Dieu ne nous a rien donné plus précieux que le temps.)

TIME, thou priceless gift of God,
Why waste we in repining?
The harvest must be garnered, the fruition
tended;

Yet how slothful, how complaining!
Knowing not the coming season, we must till on,
Watering with our tears the sod,
Furrowing with our sighs the clods,
Gathering seed for another planting;
For all things renew, and come again.

Leaving no thing to lesson man,
If he will but learn. Why tarry, my soul,
And wait, always asking why?
He hath said: he who asketh, shall receive;
And he who hath ears, let him hear;
For in the signs given, if he will not,
He shall not. Sincerely let us pray,
Thy will be done, and from evil deliver us.

Thou who dost hang worlds in ether,
Dost hold the stars in space,
The Oceans in their beds,

The mountains on their bases; Thou, who
makest

The harebell and the leaflet,

The lily and the rose. Who can magnify Thee,
Power of the million Joves!

Tender as the child in arms, let us meditate on
Thee.

Since Thou hast promised that he who
Asketh shall receive, grant, then, O Father,
That what Thou sendest be not too great a
burden,

But give us rest, and give us peace.

April 2, 1901.

MY BOOKS

My books are my companions, and lonely
Indeed were I, if vacant space
Were there to take the place
When I come to greet them.
They lend unto my moods, and rest
I find; faithful friends and fast,
Ne'er changing; but outlast
The varying times and tides
Of years a-gone, and yet to come.
Trustful, faithful to their mission
To lowly, puritan and patrician;
Silent messengers from many minds.

Ranged in tiers like sentinels
To guide and guard the days
From dreaded ennui; and in praise
Of life and loving, I go forth
With braver heart and stronger
For their sympathy; in spirit chastened
Go; but to return to them as hastened
To the embrace of one we love.
He is not friendless who has books;
And choice his friends, as he may choose
In coterie select, where none may lose
The precious aroma of nectar'd wine

From which the gods might sip.

And from the flight of verse, in inspiration
wrought

So fluent and so fine, as unsought

It seems to flow untrammelled

Like the mighty river in its course,

Giving green; and bright in gladness,

Or to some strain touched with sadness,

All our sorrows and our joys sustaining,

Ye books are human in all moods;

In sighs and tears and laughter;

In logic, science, art; thereafter,

Speak unto my soul, as to a friend.

Give me my books and I am rich

In thought, in fame and store.

In fancy rare, and historied lore;

I revel with the mightiest kings

And with the master crafts I toil;

Commune with saints on high,

With poets walk, with artists sigh

In moments of *déllice*;

When Inspiration's tardy wing

Spreads and illumines all

To mortal gifts, and weaves the thrall

Of mankind's sovereign need.

CLARA BARTON

NAME apart in woman's annals
High on the scroll of noble deeds another Night-
ingale,
With genius single-eyed to mankind's weal,
She came upon the scene empowered to act.
A hero woman; missioned for a time and place.
She moved among her suffering kind,
Nor flood nor fire, nor war's alarm, deterred.
A Joan had not less of fear, nor for her country
nobler wrought
Than this pale Sister of the Charities.
A soldier woman; meek in obedience, intrepid in
command.
She moved at night, a patriot, among her nation's
dead and dying.
Hands ready, seeking for their toil,
T'assuage the throbbing brow, the gashed flesh,
And soft words to soothe the fevered spirit.
She scattered seeds of promise, everywhere;
In devastation's wake new gardens grew, and
fields were blossomed.
Nights turned to days, so eloquent in ministra-
tion
That praise to monument so enduring, cannot add

To wreath of laurel and crown of olive
Weaved from assuaged pain and whispered words
of dying men.

Through passes narrow and morasses' murky
depths,
On battle field, she strode, with chosen band of
Spartans.

Unfurl the flag! Insignia of the Cross !
Its every wave protection to proclaim.
To work; bring gladness to the eye of soldier
martyr,

And to the cheek its color, strength to limb
And hope to heart. Let not our ranks be deci-
mated

Of noble manhood's life.

Moist the parched lips, while battles rage
And combats clash, where mothers may not go,
Or sister's cheering word, nor kiss of wife may
bless.

My countrymen, what praise for one
Whose immortelles are wrought of deeds!

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

WHERE are the rattle, the drum, and horn
That I heard on awakening each Christmas
morn,
When the wee ones' shouts rang loud and clear,
Rang out in gay laughter and Christmas cheer?
On Christmas eve the good-night kiss
Half smothered in questions of joy and bliss,
Of the morrow's hopes and of Santa Claus,
And mysteries all, in many wise saws.

My heart is full, but empty my hands,
As my babies wander in far-away lands;
And as my thanks ascend on high—
A prayer, a tear and a tender sigh
For something gone from this day so dear,
Gone from its merriment, laughter, and cheer;
For I hear not the drum in its deafening din
Nor see the youngsters come marching in.

It all seemed sweet and natural then,
But I fear sometimes, since they've grown to be
men,
That the noises great and the deafening roar
Of children and toys impress me more

With the sweetness of things that come not
again—

In Memory's haunts so long they have lain;
And today, they are with me in childish glee
As they were in those days, clustered 'round my
knee.

Xmas, 1904.

REDIVIVUS

It must have been an angel in the night
 Bringing balm in mysterious unknown word
 to me;
Word full of meaning and of might
 Fraught with hope for restoration;
 Redivivus, life and light!

From the heights, so fair and lofty and so
 bright
 Came the angel bearing balm in this word
 unknown to me;
Ringing out as joyous bells in the stillness of the
 night
 Giving faith and taking unbelief away;
 Redivivus, life and light!

Its meaning to my vision brought new sight;
 This mysterious word, then unknown to
 me,
And its answer in the silence of the night
 I only knew from vanquished pain and
 silenced woe.
 Redivivus, life and light!

In each soul dwells its consciousness of might;
Its spark divine; though its revelation oft
delayed;
Oft it speaks, too, in the silence of the night
To a knowledge born of seeking,
Redivivus, life and light!

TO A RING

(Remembrance)

A GOLDEN circlet, a little ring;
A dainty jewelled thing,
Telling its silent message through the years
Of the steadfast love he bore
In the happy days of yore.

Days that are as happy yet,
For who would e'er forget
The old sweet memories of the yester-time?
When the heart's own lore
Makes its spring-tide ever more.

THE SEA

FATHOMLESS mystery, the Sea!
Mother Nature to her own
Of dales and glades, of mount and moon;
But of all, her child, the sea,
 Is the greatest mystery.

It speaks, but few can understand;
It hearkens but to her command;
It roars and threats, and moans and smiles,
Boundless moods the sea,
 From laughter light to mutiny.

Beautiful, yet pitiless!
From waves which shimmer blithesomely
Softly swells thy lullaby;
Knowest thou thy power?
 That even though thou lullèd be,

Still art thou awful, mighty Sea.
Thou art dark and grave and gay;
Worthy twin to mountain's height;
The wave caps and the high peaks light,
 Children both, of Nature's heart

Sky-tipped peak, and boundless sea
Dost thou then repine?
O child as awful as Fate!
Or art thou not too grave and great,
Waveless though thou be?
And though thou givest bounteously,
Still art thou awful,
Beautiful Sea!

A BOUQUET OF ORCHIDS

A BUNCH of Orchids, children of the air!
Thou dost descend to honor me;
Thou, exclusive, rare and fair.

* * * * *

Thy fay slippers fit for fairy feet
Come merry with the dance;
Aristocrat! from high retreat
Ye come; as herald from my friend,
Ye velvet-throated trumpets!
Which through my veins do send
(Giving of thy fine *cachet*),
Sweet speech, though breathed in silence,
In the breath of thy bouquet.
Ye velvet-hearted bells
Ye came to me a-singing,
Harbingers of joy; I see a heart in thee,
More than flower, ye came a-ringing
With a friend's most gracious lay;
Her most precious message
Sent me in thy rare *cachet*.

1906.

TO BABY DOROTHY

A CHILD, a flower;
A blossom of incomparable perfume;
A mysticism of loveliness;

A mystery of God's power;
A manifestation of His love;
A beauty that has its pathos;

A soul that has its mission;
A smile that has its heaven.
And this is Dorothy.

February 19, 1903.

HOME

LIFE is an Ocean;
The home is the ship,
Where Love rules the rudder,
Let not a sail rip.

Firm and steady her launch,
Build her strong, build her true!
For all winds and all tides,
Build her staunch.

For there's one spot on earth
Where the weary find rest,
Where the wayward return
After Folly's long quest.

Safe craft to the haven
As *en voyage* we roam
O'er Life's foaming billows
To our long cherished Home.

April 30, 1904.

THE SONG OF THE SEA

O THE song of the sea is delightful to me,
With its ever varying rhyme;
Its harmonies fair and its melodies rare
Are glimpses of music sublime!

O the song of the sea is a marvel to me,
Its cadences fill my soul;
Bringing memories sweet old songs to repeat,
From the waves and billows they roll!

O the song of the sea borne on waves to me,
In chorus, song, ballad, and hymn,
In thunderous voice they bid me rejoice,
Their meaning is no longer dim!

That the song of the sea has a message for me,
Is assurance tender and sweet;
That to my soul it should open its scroll,
Is happiness naught can defeat.

O the song of the sea is joyous to me!
The song, the song, of the sea!
O the song of the sea is great joy to me,
The song, the song, of the sea!

WINTER

("But winter has brighter scenes, . . .
Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows.
Or autumn, with his many fruits and woods
All flushed with many hues.")

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

THOU'RT royal, Winter! though forbidding oft
to him

Who see'st not the life that rests in root and stem
Of leafless tree; and current 'neath the icy sur-
face

Of brook's and river's courses; who see'st not
The warm ermine that thou hast donned in
kingly splendor

As mantle wrapped about thy bosom, entwining
in its warm embrace.

On yonder slope, within that trunk of brown and
sere,

Thy pulse throbs beat, the life is there,
And fragrant balsam, frozen, but t'unseal
With first glad laugh of Spring; to me, thou'rt
beautiful,

Winter, in varied aspect of the morn and noon
and night.

This day the air is white with texture fine

And gossamer lightness, anon in tapestries of
snowy loom

Lambent in scurrying flakes, as conscience-
driven,

They knew thy needs, and hurrying to their
fulfillment.

Weaving wondrous patterns into space, and lying
Close and low upon thy bosom, so beautiful and
still!

To me, thou'rt comely, Winter, aye more, thou'rt
regal;

How thy sky becomes thee! The softest hues
of gray

With thine æsthetic white commingle in coloring
of iridium,

And earth's soft tones with metal white are
mingled

In Art's most gracious Art.

Though thy still dignity maintaining, thou
frownest not;

'Tis but thy stately mien; and 'neath thy coun-
tenance

There dwells a warmth and kindliness.

Thou'rt old and hoary, Winter, and thou'rt
kingly.

November 13, 1904.

TO HER

HERE's a posey for my sweetheart,
Look into its heart for mine;
Emblem of love and friendship,
Of all, life's rarest wine;
For a heart, you know, is a gift below,
To remind us of things divine.

Take this message, blossom,
To one I long to see;
Take it with dainty tenderness
From your home across the lea.
For Nature is true, and so are you;
So bear my sincerity.

Can I trust you with this mission
My heart to her to bear?
For it can throb and even break
If not with tenderest care
Within her keeping, in love-feast reaping
The blessings of friendship rare.

So take this posey to my sweetheart,
Look into its heart for mine;

Emblem of joy and friendship,
Of all, life's rarest wine;
For a heart, you know, is a gift below
To remind us of things divine.

EASTER MORNING

HE is risen! glorious truth!

Light and not darkness is vouchsafed to men.
His raiment as the sunshine, resplendent in His
power.

Who, among Earth's children may give forth
To the Infinite, praise, in the finitude

Of their understanding; who can extol His
loving kindness?

That He hath died for us, and that he hath

Returned unto us, that our feet may not be
cut

By the sharp stones; that the wounds of our
hearts

Shall be healed by the favor of His infinite
love.

Let gratitude and praise fill the air;

The Lord is risen!

1909.

TO DEBORAH

I KNOW a flower so dainty
That in the garden grows,
As sweet as bluest violet
Or stately growing rose;
It scatters its sweet perfume
In generous behest,
And gives out truth and beauty
In Nature's bower the best.

I know a girl so dainty,
So like this flower is she,
Her eyes as soft and gentle
As the blossoms on the lea.
Would'st know what flower I liken?
Seek the sweet forget-me-not;
Truth's and friendship's emblem
Are hers by Nature wrought.

August 1, 1901.

THE POINSETTA

THE passion-beauty Poinsetta
Brought me from lady fair
To grace my festal board
On occasion rare;

For when friend to meet friend comes
Communion means the sweetest pleasure,
The best exchange of thought
Culled from moments leisure.

Not alone the blossoms,
Yet more, their meaning sweet;
Of my friend the flower the emblem is,
To my heart I oft repeat.

February 1, 1904.

AMERICA

OUR loved land America! Proud pearl of the
seas!

Set in mountains of gold, silver lakes and their
leas;

In a wealth of the Ind, she proclaims in her
might

The good she has done in the cause of the right.
To the mercy and strength of a prosperous reign,
All hail hymns of praise in defence of her main!
Her soldiers and sailors shall love her and die
If need be, to perish 'neath far away sky.

'Mongst the nations of earth she comes like a
queen

A queen she doth stand, in gracefulest mien;
Olive branch for her friends, flaming sword for
her foes,

She hath naught but hope, courage, faith, and
repose.

A star's radiance gleams in her coronet aflame,
Emblem of light and love, of beauty and fame;
These rays to her bright crown have been won
By the manliest men the sun e'er shone on.

America, thy sons and daughters and sires
Give praise with shouts, with voices and lyres,

In battle or peace, in war hymn or in song,
Obedience and reverence shall redress all
wrong.

* * * * *

Until thy rills and wooded lanes,
Mountain peaks and vales acclaim,
From grassy slope to ocean's strand,
All hail, All hail, to thy dear name,

AMERICA!

1896.

LINES TO JULIA

FAIR Julia! sweet ether of a name;
A girl I love and she loves me;
She is ever constant, true;
Though I rarely see her dear face now,
For distance far has spanned the sea
Which divides us not.

True hearts grow near in memories,
And thought makes soul to soul appear.
So absence takes her not from me;
While memory lives, I have no fear
To be forgot; nor e'er base thought
Of her forgetting.

March, 1905.

TO A FACE ILLUMINED

ENCHANTING smile! the soul's reflection
Of pure white chambers untraversed by sin!
Spark divine; spirit of God-head;
Radiance glorified within!

Speak unto my soul's recesses
Soul to soul, communion sweet
In earth's language, yet immortal
As when spirit issues meet.

Radiant illumination, gift of God unto His own;
Halo of the star-lit starshine,
Love inspired, approvèd mission;
Expression of its Source divine!
August 2, 1901.

WAR AND PEACE

I AM weary of reading of wars,
And I wish we might have peace;
And from the prowess of Mars
I long for world-wide release.

I am weary, so weary, of strife,
And I long for peace and love
Like beacon stars in the lighthouse of life
To shine on the path that I rove.

Every atom in the world is alive,
Moving, and ever in motion;
So futile all wish to deprive
Fixed laws of their changeless portion.

Yet I'm weary; though wishing be lost,
And I know it seems weak to complain,
But warring and striving have cost
So many heroes in life to be slain.

Let bells ring out to earth peace,
And chimes sing toward men good-will;
Let delight the sorrows of warring decrease,
The promise of youth's bright dream to fulfill.

Which lends hope to the coming tomorrow
And adds to life's glad refrain;
A truce to gloom and to sorrow,
And a smile at care and pain.

I am weary of reading of wars
And I wish we might have peace;
And from the prowess of Mars
I long for world-wide release.

April 14, 1904.

A LENTEN MEDITATION

LORD save us from ingratitude!
That sin of cowering souls,
Hateful in Thy sight as any crime.
Save us from the clay
That thou hast made with spirit,
And let the divine within,
That touch of Thee,
Give th' expression of its Source to man
Thy work most masterful.
Grant an exultation in our thanks
For all Thou sendest.
Patience to await the *mission*
Of the joys and burdens.
For Thy goodness and Thy mercy
Follow Thy benighted children
Even as the light; and fulfilment
Of Thy promises also,
In the despair of their bewilderment;
Yea, even as the *luminance* of their fulfilment.

ON PRESENTING A COPY OF A FAVORITE
BOOK

Look not long upon the cover of this book,
Haste thou to its inner beauties;
Linger there with many a look
And it will help thee to perform life's duties.

The cover's naught, the gems inside,
Are culled from minds o'er the whole world
wide.

Teaching life's lessons in precept sublime,
Pillars of truth, which decay not with time.

1895.

DESTINY

WHENCE comest thou, and whither goest,
Thou great dark mystery of a life?
Leading through labyrinthal ways,
As by the hand, man, thy servant, toy
Or chessman on the board, to higher ways
Or lower, as thou shalt specify.
Two paths, maybe, and each divergent,
But thou dost attend them both.
Unknowable and Unknown! through devious
 paths
We blindly go to follow thee.
Thou oft denying, that thou may'st give,
And laughing at our woes,
 Dost send us greater things.
Nature's powers are thy command;
All laws compelled by thee.
The astral world thou dost invoke;
Forged by thy will, all things thine,
Our loves and joys come as thy gift,
To fashion thy desires. All this thou doest too;
Hatred and jealousy are tricks of thine,
Revenge; all padded by their smiling looks,
And trained to seem not what they are.
So come Ambition, strife; Genius, envy;

And Love, O recompense! all their parts performing

As plays toward the goal.

Thou dost abase, but to exalt;

Dost oft lift up, but to cast down.

Magician, Potentate, ages justify thy means
unto an end:

The foolish asking why, and halting, fear thee.

The wise plod on with graver mien

And trust with braver heart, knowing,

Thus shape our ends to God's own will

And to greater usefulness.

Ships built for smooth or rougher seas,

Soldiers to bear the brunt of arms,

Some framed to labor, and others

To that harder part—to wait.

Thou dost deter by treachery and maskèd
perfidy,

And thou sendest love and trust.

Merciful in severity, and severe in loving kindness,

O Destiny, thou explorest the inner chambers of
the soul!

The end, ever in thy limitless vision.

And in this web of life, its warp and woof,

Thou weavest for us all!

And who escapes thy mandates, Fate?

Time is thy playground,

Thy pastime the lives of men. Thou'rt awful;

Immutable, inexorable, impenetrable, Fate.

June 30, 1901.

TO A LEAF IN AUTUMN

FADING smile of summer! thou infinitesimal thing
For which no man seems to care;
Thou shape with consciousness, a part of many
parts

Thou art of this great Universe.
Dost bud, unfold, and fall again; thy veined
face

A history tells of offices performed
At Nature's own behest; thou, obedient,
Camest at her call; did what thou hadst to do
Leaving with thy well-done work, its lessons.
So small a part thou art of such a whole
And yet so glorified; in infancy thou wert
graceful,

Fair to look upon; in maturity yet fairer;
And in the sere, unsightly.

Thy seasons are the same as man's.
Thy pretty message in the spring, yet more
Illumined in the summer,—in autumn shed.
In winter's frozen blast, thou returnest to the
earth

There thy work to consummate
In the great economy of God, where nothing
wastes;

To a Leaf in Autumn 77

And each a part hath to perform.
Thy form is dead now, e'en in autumn;
But from its germ we look hereafter for its
image;
Thou and thy twin, ever failing, then renewing.

September 22, 1900.

THE SABBATH

THE Lord unto Himself a day appointed
And in wisdom gave to His anointed
 The blessèd Sabbath tide,
In whose reverent silence dwells
The soul's rest; and thought within compels
 To loftier spheres.
When hammers' busy work is dumb
And the world's and labor's urgent hum
 Is stilled in toilsome mart,
He shows His loving face
In wondrous language through all space.
 Upon the reverent air;
In sunlight poured in rich effulgence,
From flow'ret, sward, to inward sense;
 Bringing messages of love.
His buildèd cliff His altar; the trees His shrines,
Whence to His creatures come the signs
 Of mighty promises.
In thundering tones, or softest strain,
In Ocean's roar or Sea's refrain,
 To hear His holy name.
In waters' flow and brooks' bright gleams,
In sparkling radiance His goodness seems
 To counsel all in living speech

* * * * *

And from earth's arc
Soprano's voice from throat of lark
 All praises brings
In chorus of the earth and air, triumphant sings
These mighty hymns to God in praise
For His great boon, these consecrated days
 Of hope and rest.

October 15, 1905.

TO A VIOLET

THOU hast touched the azure,
And retained its lovely hue;
Thou 'broiderest on the emerald
Thy coronets of blue.

In all the beauty 'round thee
Of earth and sky and tree
Thy arabesques, sweet violets,
Vie with them on the lea.

In thy dainty corona,
Bejewelled with the dew,
Are all the beauties of the sky
Of ether's rarest hue.

Thou hast five points to thy crown,
Title to thy nobility;
Thou dost thy royal raiment wear
In lowly sweet humility.

Forth like smiles from teardrops,
Thou comest after rain;
Oh would that thou thrice camest,
Nor so long in earth had lain.

April 27, 1903.

TO DOROTHY

(A VALENTINE)

WOULD'ST have my heart?
 'Tis wholly thine;
I ask thine eyes,
 A gift divine,
In their dear depths
 Love's law to find.

A THOUGHT TO MRS.—

(SUMMER)

FEEBLY the pen expresses
All the soul fain would say
Of the varied beauties
Of this sunshiny summer day.

ASHFIELD, MASS., August, 1901.

TO MY HUSBAND

SITTING in the sunshine by the sea;
O blessed privilege! if those I love could be
By my side, and with me share

 This beauteous sight
 Of amber clear as light;

While all the music of the spheres
In chorus chants Te Deum; and all fears
Suspended, in this glorious mystery

 I now can read
 Of fruitful seed

By its Author in my soul implanted.

November 7, 1905.

ENVY

(Envy is a grain of sand in the eye.—*Chinese Proverb.*)

ENVY! Toothless jade, or with one fang
Whose root-venomed sack surcharged is ne'er
depleted.
With bleared eyes swelled red, from grain of
sand
Which, being there, hurts not so much the envied
as the envier.
'Tis she who never smiles, but head deep sunk
Between two shoulders which an honest burden
ne'er has borne
She slinks and blinks, and from side glance
Casts arrows poisoned with the venom of her
inner self.
'Tis she who from false aims has failed
And wishes all to fail; and but for power with-
held
From All-Wise source, would fell with one strong
blow
All whom her venom seeks to suck the life blood
Or to weaken or destroy the effort.
When Envy speaks! O crack of doom! A
cavern opens

And hell's voices forth, like desperation poured
from cannon's belly;

Hissing, spitting devastation everywhere.

Hairless hag and witless, with all her cunning in
invention

She knows not that she the greatest tribute pays
In envying; 'tis all she can, the best that's in her
putrid bowels,

The place for heart and brain no longer Mercy's
seat.

And what her end? Love-lorn and love forsaken.

No good to think upon; a burnt spot for a soul

Which through Eternity must envy.

O punishment, to which no pain can correspond,

Nor with suffering can compare!

She has not lived, but walking corpse in waking
death;

So naught can add in hell to her bemoaning.

Twin sister to the slanderer, hand in hand

To deal destruction, if they could destroy;
greatest sin

And self-inflicted punishment, ENVYING ALWAYS!

Seeing which, mankind makes haste to fall not
back

Lest some such Imp of sin o'ertake, and it
become like her and rot.

April 9, 1904.

CHILDHOOD

IN waking hours my mind doth linger
O'er pictured scenes of yore,
With the gilding of the gone-time
Come images, a score or more.

The meadows and the singing brooks
With flowers garnished o'er
Peeping at their mirrored faces,
Opening wide a heaven's door.

Many heavens are in childhood,
Though flowers fade and leaves grow sear;
Yet they bloom again, more lovely
In the new-time drawing near.

Yes, they bloom in greater beauty
As if deeds from seeds were sown,
And a blessed Hand revives them
When He takes us for His own.

March 14, 1899.

YOUTH

WHEN to fields I've oft been journeying
With weary steps toward home returning,
Gladdened by the house lamp's beam,
From hills which now so distant seem;
Hands o'erladen in prolux plenty
Culled neath oak's old pillared sentry,
Plucked from maze in Wonderland,
Grown on banks by breezes fanned
'Mongst winds' soft whispers, sighing, soughing,
As of Dryads in their wooing;
In labyrinthal tangle playing,
Fairies, on their tours a-maying!
The childish mind, in sleep a-dreaming
Of wonders, full; with meaning teeming,
Asks, what decrees the honey sweet,
And honeysuckles, red;
And how are roots and birdlets fed;
And music forth as organ pipe,
And berries green, then ripe.

MANHOOD

IN Earth's symphonic swell
Through pipes of living green
Tones, fundamental, storm-wild dwell,
Touched by Hand Unseen.
Or to the gentle cadence of a sigh,
Or voiceless; or to the gentle dirge
Whispers 'mongst the tremulous leaves to die.
Its overtones, in softest strains to surge,
Then crashing, mighty monotone!
In cataracts' awful leap
As one in grief, apart, alone,
His madness in this strife to steep,
And listening to the surging strain
In ceaseless tragic song, he finds
No solace for his voiceless pain
In the message of the winds.

* * * * *

Until he knows this ceaseless endless throb
Runs through all life, as if penalty for being;
And sob of all mankind, e'en of Nature, too,
Enrolled, for her travail for growth.
The sunlight gleams, then sinks;
Oft in th' enfolding leaf to greater beauty
It a-weary seems; the flowret strives, then dies;
There is no grief for fulfilled life.

From shapeless stem to blossom fair,
With comely bud between, as beauteous as aught
 may be,
As gem formed, too, by crystallized light unseen;
And coral caves, low forming deeps
From ruthless violence their treasures low.

CHARACTER

AND so perfection strives.
Slow-forming humus keeps
Its richest soil 'neath forests old;
And nurtures night and day
The oak and undergrowth with mold
Formed from life and its decay.
So man, to his conviction turns,
His faith and work his compass keep,
And everywhere, by growth, he learns
That all must wait to reap.

September, 1904.

THE BUDDS OF MILLERSVILLE

We crack the whip and make a start
For a glimpse of the trees and Nature's heart;
Away from the noise and the busy mart
To the Budds at Millersville.

The circling beauty of long Fall Creek
Sinuous and fair on whose banks we seek
The trees, like plumes on mountain peak
Colored from Nature's palette.

There, ripened ear and stock of corn
The pumpkin, squash, and vine adorn,
Where latchstring hangs from morn to morn
Giving its friendly greeting.

We look into the hearth's warm glow,
Cordial and kind, and we know
That there are blessings here below
If we only seek to find them.

All unite in friendly meeting,
Chairs hold out their arms in greeting;
And one forgets that time is fleeting,
In life's e'er changing season.

Books by philosophers, poets, and sages,
Thoughts that endure for eons and ages,
Are there, if one will but open their pages,
To read and dream and ponder

On the lessons of life which all must learn
In books, or out of books, to make us yearn
For better things which await us in turn
In the Land beyond the River.

* * * * *

And one goes away and back again,
Voicing the praise of bluebird and wren,
As they chant and sing their joyful amen
To the Maker and Giver of all.

Pictures, in red, brown, and golden hue,
In memory linger, till the shadows and dew
Of life's eve bring their own sweet rue
To toilers and all a-weary.

1898.

VENUS AND ADONIS

(After reading Shakespeare's Sonnet.)

As moon's cold rays to sun's hot kiss compared,
So, when Adonis, lured by Venus,
Died, a flower of sweetest purity

Sprang, to deck the place where, in thin air,
He passed away; and unbegotten race,
Cold, pure, and loveless as he had been,
Was left unborn, of which he might have been
the sire,

Had he so willed it. Paternal joy to him
denied,

Of gods and goddesses and nymphs,

Love-flower entombed, unsatisfied:

The unborn love and fire that lurks in Venus'
breast.

The rude boar's tusk his groin defiled,
And, gashed to death, he lay unwept,

But for his would-be bride.

His bier, the sunny slope 'neath boughs

Near brooklet's side, of mossy green,

Whence sprang the flower of virtue, white and
pure,

Forever shrined so sweet her love,

In symbol's language to endure.

T' upbuild itself in fount of tears,
Flower nurtured by her grief had striven,
And throve by moonbeam's softened ray,
And by sun's heat unshriven.

January 9, 1904.

SMILES

MISTAKE not valor! for oft it lies
Beneath the smile which lends a ray of warmth
Which far outweighs the force that reeks
Of bloodshed and of woman's tears.
Let smiles be viewed with praise
As far above the frowns and misfits
For a Nation's needs. Let "heavy blows and
fast"

Be felt with velvet touch;
For we need peace; not war; love, not hate;
And all that follows in their train
For mankind's weal. Send us no tyrant's claim,
But give us peace and smiles,
Great God of Love!

November 17, 1911.

THE ISLE OF MACKINAC

FAIR Mackinac, whose waters wash the shores
Of craggy steppes, to pine trees' odorous
peaks,
A soul's eloquence fit tribute were
To thy supremacy o'er these seas.
Thou risest like a mountain's height
In verdant hills primeval denseness.
A citadel famed in history's lore;
The red man's haunt, whose bark of birch,
Impervious and water dry, these broad seas
swept
In radiant days like these, sun-kissed and
glad,
Soft-footed, trod this isle; once warrior,
But today in conquest scattered to his happy
hunting grounds.
Invaded by the French, his lovely land,
His numbers decimated in fair America's
advance
As by the British quest, and so this beauteous
isle
Its leaves of history turns, as do its yellowèd
Leaves in Autumn; in forest's varied color,
When frost's first nip in sufrance

Makes its golden harvest, that Nature shall her
Power of splendor more unfold e'er Winter's
snows.

Our Nation claims thee yet again in choice
possession

There to hold, please God, as one fair jewel
In her honored crown of gems. Peace reigns
now here

The placent waters and the glowing orb of
day

Do vie in wondrous claim upon each other.

Limpidity vies with atmosphere, or nobler
In its wrath, when Tempest's awful threat its
bosom heaves.

Here pines' rich balm and spruces' nut-brown
cones

Give forth their Arabic spice in Nature's prodi-
gality

And profusion; all laved in air of icy freshness.
Cliffs ruggèd as the Norseman's hills,

Enchanting mazes in the devious paths,
To song of sea's soft lull, or in harmonious
structure

Of its under tones; from opal skies
The sun drops red and gold, mirrored in lake

Of opaline reflection. Ah this were land
Well worthy the conquest of the great!

Yon Fort, far seeing o'er the sea's expanse
In grander picturesque, more beautiful than in
War's alarm;

And now the dove of Peace its portals guards,

Its vantage, noble and serene, and men and seas
are calm.

Rest here, fair dove, that though the eagle
near,

Thy cote be not disturbèd, let the laurel and
the palm branch weave.

O beauteous Isle, bring unto thee the
weary

Here to rest; give of thy balm forever unde-
pleted.

And pray we that Nature in her varied
changes

May not award to this mid-ocean isle oblivion
nor engulfment;

That her fair face upon foundations fast
Shall last; and beautify, through ages yet to
come,

As worthy of her bounteous gift
From mother source, as parent to her child.

O Mackinac, hast thou a twin? In all the
earth

Dost likeness favor thee, or is thy ruggèd beauty
thine alone,

Unique? Thy answer in the birch and pines'
tall growth

And whispered song, their unctuous, aromatic
smell;

'Tis also read in rock-ribbed pile of upturned
stone

And ocean's swell. In fragrant air and bounding
wave

Thy kinship to kind Nature's heart, but yet
alone,
Apart, as some great work of Masterhand,
created once
Complete, well done, is ne'er its counterpart to
find,
Nor likeness made in any clime.

September 28, 1905.

AN IDYLL

(SOUVENIR AFFECTUEUX)

MANY moods has the poet's mind.
Tonight I am thinking of you;
And the long summer walks
And the long cherished talks,
Just a page in the lives of two.

One of many in the full Book of Life;
Light and shade of two happy hearts;
I was sad when you sorrowed, and glad when
you laughed,
As from the full goblet of youth we both
quaffed,
Nor thought once of Cupid's barbed dart.

'Twas a friendship of rarest delight.
Silent or gay, you understood well,
Though we drove through the wintry wind;
The mood of the one to the other defined,
In silence, by magic's spell.

An Idyll

101

You have gone to the Other Shore;
Does he die who ever is true?
Though our eyes may not meet,
There's ne'er a heart's beat
That could ever be false to you.

April 15, 1904.

A GRAIN OF RICE

BORN in thy sunny clime,
The Occident thou hast invaded
With thy dainty and pervading entity,
In thy beneficent gift containing
Manna for the perishing,
Unimprisoned from thy sheath,
Nature's little capsule,
Grain of rice!

Dainty ministrations, thine,
To gentle needs and to heroic ends,
Thou fair white thing!
Let others sing to Bacchus
And to the flowing bowl,
I salute thy snowy mounds,
O fair white grains of rice!

No ghosts enrage in thy stomachic sepulcher.
Oh to see thy waving sea of heads!
To pause upon the threshold of thy mission,
To think upon thy beauty and beneficence;
As that which gives unceasingly
And without stint,
O fair white grains of rice!

September 21, 1911.

YE WAVES

YE waves, laugh and dance in your gayest of
moods,
And throw your white spray to the beach, mead,
and woods;
In festoon and figure bespangle your veils,
Leap high in mid air, and entangle your sails.

Changing moods you indulge, you resist your
confines,
Your laughter returns, though you moan too,
sometimes;
'Gainst your borders too narrow, you roar and
resist,
To return to your laughter, when by sunshine
bekist.

TO DICK

Now you have my congratulations,
My best sincerest salutations!
Not less sincere,
Believe me, dear,
Because a little over due;
But just as heartfelt, true to you.

September, 1901.

VISIONS are sent,
 Visions are given,
Messages come from
 The heights of heaven.

TRUST

TRUST when the waves are highest,
Trust when the ebb is low,
God in His mercy heareth,
Trust in the overflow.

1901.

IN EXTREMIS

(Vision of Sir Launfal, and the words which **CHRIST** in the vision said to him: "Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three—himself, his hungering neighbor, and **ME.**")

I CRY to my God in the night for strength,
 And He sustaineth me.
I pray to Him for deliverance from mine enemies,
 And He heareth me.
I seek the way through His guidance,
 And He leadeth me.
Giving faith and showing His marvels,
 Else my feet stumble and I fall.
Verily His promises glorify
 And His counsels are cherished;
For He is greater than all, and over all.
 With Him I can stand,
Even though the mountains crumble
 And all men turn against me.
He accounts the sparrow's fall,
 And, unworthy as I am,
He will abide with me when I call aright
 Upon Him. Great and Omnipotent
Are His works and mighty are His counsels.

October 6, 1904.

VERITAS

("The truth is like the sun, it may be obscured for a time; but, like the sun, it will not be obscured always.")

KNOW ye not, minions, that naught but true greatness abides?

The possessor knows his not; but guided by the unerring hand of Right,
Impelled by forces of the mighty hosts, he acts;

Not for plaudits, nor fleeting, flattering sound,
But for some prayer of his or theirs, asked at a time

When souls were in communion with the Lord of Hosts.

A decree is given, a mission sent; God, through His laws,
Gives us to Fate; we call it Destiny; what better name?

The right prevails, though sometimes late to us it seem.

What of delays? born of the divine, it cannot fail;

Strive for the heart of things; claim His promises
As worthy as is thy meed of faith; nothing
fails that's true;

'Tis but the false, of tinsel, trickery, and broken
faith, that fails;

All vanities webbed in Loom of Life, bring
but defeat.

Powerless praise! Truth thou soul of all!

November 1, 1901.

THERE WILL BE REST

THERE will be rest;
For One who never fails has promised
That in the quiet harbor of the blest
All strife shall be forgotten
 In new life;
There will be rest.

There will be songs;
For One who never fails has promised
That strength shall come for which the spirit
 longs
And care with dust shall die
 And be forgot;
There will be songs.

1900.

OH WHY THE GREAT HEART'S OVER- FLOW!

OH why the great heart's overflow
In flood-tides swells which come and go,
Like ocean's depths and cataract's leap,
Across vast space and vaster deep,
Athwart and o'er the undertow!

Why its limits, limitless,
Since limitations we confess
Of poor mortality's horizon
Of faith to ideals, hardly won,
And infinite pain we would repress

With finite power; its surging throb
Would still; its vast domain would rob
Of space and deeps indefinite
Which lead us toward the Infinite
Through soundless deeps and ceaseless throbs.

Be still, faint heart, it is thy soul
That cries through thee; and on the scroll
Of mighty ages thou shalt read
Of steadfast faith, of pregnant seed,
Of deeds made worthy to enroll.

Apostrophe to Hope

For Love is statelier than kings;
 Greater than equity; and loftier sings
 Her noble song, than ocean's moan
 Or cataract's dash, or sea's volcanic cone;
 And through the chaos softly rings

When Justice hidden seems; and din is great,
 Her balance broken; and the light comes late.
 Her full white arm for Right not bared,
 Her sight no longer darkened, as she dared
 With mortal eyes to see; with mortal ends to
 mate.

* * * * * * *

But seas and hearts and souls be calmed!
 Let halting Doubt no longer damned
 By eyes which look but yet are scaled,
 The moonbeam by the sun's light paled.
 And Justice, blind, shall see aright,
 Shall wrest from out the darkest night
 That which her balance weighs.
 And sun's full shine shall light the days
 Its sparkle on the high waves' crest
 And sun and love, the tired soul rest.

* * * * * * *

Though depths, their deeps, their sigh and sob,
 Go on through ceaseless ages; but to rob
 At last, the weary pain, the bitter smart
 Of poor mortality—this human heart.

DRIFTING

I GAZE out for a sight of the land,
Hear the ebb sing soft and low;
The water sparkles and large fish leap,
While drowsy with fresh sea air I can sleep
With no thought of the undertow
Or the gleam of receding sand.

April 17, 1904.

IN HARBOR

I LOOK out on the dark'ning main,
The shrieking winds blow mad
O'er iron waves of a wintry sea.
And the piercing rain
And the storm seem glad
That my love is in harbor with me.

VIA DOLOROSA

("They know not what they do.")

My heart is full of sighs
And in my soul there lies
A pain unspeakable.

In Rebellion's icy stare
My spirit stills the prayer,
My heart so aches.

I grope, and fail to find
The light; yet the conscious mind
Assurance gives,

Though God seem far away,
This cloud of somber gray
His presence hides.

1906.

INSOMNIA

EYELIDS drawn by hand of fiend, a thousand
 terrors,
As of noisome things; of reptiles, sleek and
 sinuous,
Spitting the poison from their gums;
Of beetles, wasps and asps, and nameless little
 things,
That with a dot do sting the body to a pulp.
Legions of devils laughing while their imps the
Heart strings pull. Busy, too, as devils in their
 hell.
Pulses running burning lava, eyes surcharged
 with brine;
Or puffing orbs to bursting, chasing furrows
Which once were cheeks of snowy roundness.
Eagles and birds of prey, long-beakèd, sit
And from the heart do peck an atom every hour
And chatter while they make their feasts.
What and why all this?
Mayhap for nerves o'erwrought in music's realm,
Or for a mission to the sick, a life to others given;
Or book of sunny thoughts, to gladden all who
 read,
Writ by midnight oil, too long, too ceaselessly.

A fair star beckoning over there, a magnet to
the man.

A bird of beauty, perched to lure by song so
sweet

That song and plumage are too fair and beautiful.
Mayhap a poem, of so rare a worth, so wond'rous
in its prophecies,

And yet its beauty digging entrails out of him
who writ.

A painting too, a story tells of tortures of the
damned;

Extremes which meet in fervid heat, turned by
excess

To bitter gall. The receding of the goal

As he approached it, the small mean little thing
Compared with what he felt, and what his soul
could feel.

And so a statue; which should have breath,
But would not; should speak; but cold, unyield-
ing,

Silent and disdainful, because it cannot feel the
lava

In its author's burning veins.

And so the bard hath writ of the torments of
success;

All wrought as best they could, and not in vain,
If but to learn man's impotence.

And each a great truth tried to tell.

Another, and a briefer yet, the miser's gold to
count,

Until both hands and heart are palsied by the act.

A poor mean quality, which makes men fools,
forgetting God
And all most dear, to hoard and worship for a
few brief years;
In getting, hastening for themselves their end;
That those who follow them the gift may dissipate.
The laborer shall toil and sweat, his night's
relief engaging
For toilers of the brain and heart, ambition's
weary slaving.
Each earns his modicum of rest and waits upon
the morrow,
Eager for the promises and morning light to
come.

1902.

SLEEP

WHEN the shades of night come down
Wingèd messengers flit around.

 Their name is Sleep.

 They come from Poppy-land,
Scattering the pollen from their blooms
And blest indeed is he who has a dust
 From their fay fingers.

In every atom is a dream; forgetfulness
And rest. Each leaf a barque on Lethe's stream,
 Whose tide, swift flowing,
Leads out to seas of peace. Oceans, whose waves
Sing songs of lullaby; cradles of crested foam;
Billows music-laden with siren's songs
Which need not rhyme, to make their melody.

 Pilot-like, guiding
To that lovely land, where senses in abeyance,
The spirit floats to higher realms,
And there, forgetful of its weary self,
Dwells for moments in empyrean.

 The way is trackless;
 The air is ether
And the port is Heaven.

1899.

THE MIST

VEILS of filmy nebulæ
Hang aloof as soft as air
Along the valley's tortuous way
Trailing their silken tissues there.
Airy, fairy, vaporous, soft,
Dainty gray folds of grace,
Draping and drooping, rising aloft—
Fleeing away into space.
Silently, lightly fading away
By evening's zephyr bekist;
Shadowy folds of silken gray,
Mysterious shades of mournful mist.

April 4, 1905.

AN ALBUM LEAF

(TO MRS. C. C. B.)

(In answer to a request from her daughter.)

How can I in a little space,
Such as you have awarded,
Pay tribute to so fair a face
And mind so sweet and candid
As your Mother's?

Many oaths make not the truth,
"But the single vow vowed true";
So if I lack the space, forsooth,
The sentiment for which I sue,
Is all your Mother's.

TO MRS. —

("I seem to have nothing for you but love—you give, I receive." Mrs. —'s letter.)

"NOTHING but love!" *amiga mia*,
Thy offering exceeds all the wealth of Ind.
Its coral caves, the mines
Wherein the sparkling gems are stored
Give forth no priceless thing, like thine to me.
That which exceeds e'en equity,
Fair justice and is its source.
And thou givest praise for a soul's weak expression
In music; heart throbs along the way,
If charm there be, 'tis this.
Thou, dear friend, art generous to my faults,
Too blind to inefficiencies, which I deplore;
Thou givest of thy great soul's depths,
Thou givest and mine receives.
1908.

OH, THE FAIR OCTOBER DAYS

OH, the fair October days
In the mellow of the year,
When leaves in reds, browns, and grays—
Their varied colors sear,
And bluebirds twitter and twitter,
And flit from the bough to the bough,
Trusting, not asking, but waiting and singing—
The plentiful year to endow.

The leaves are falling, falling,
In these melancholy days
Gilding the air ever,
With a dreamy subtle haze.
Ah, it is pleasant to linger
'Mid their reds and golden brown,
And dream and wander through them
As they come raining down

With a promise of enrichment
And the earth to fructify,
Yea, as sorrows chasten ever,
As we go wandering by,
Like the leaves, on a sad October day.

* * * * *

Apostrophe to Hope

Oh, the yellow air of amber;
Ah, the days so soft and somber
Into peace and hope reviving
For a rest from longer striving,
Like the quiet of a fair October day.

1898.

THE SONNET

GEM of Poesy! consummate art!
Sublimely fashioned to a wondrous perfection
Of form in thought and thought in form;
A modeled, chiseled, and perfected thing;
But limited and circumscribed
By rule inflexible.

The form constrains and takes from liberty its
wings;
Like statue in the whitest marble
Cast in lines conventional, attracts, but does
not
Touch the heart; but Mind is held in its en-
thrallment
And Beauty is its sponsor, Admiration lends its
eye;
But Soul withholds its loving tribute
To a form.

Shakespeare, greatest bard since Homer,
Defied the form exact; defined it a "stretchèd
measure";

That scope his song might have, and Muse be
not tormented.

As hedged by lines and form before the thought,
In numbers, length, and measure; as by a calcu-
lation wrought

Not in technique, yet abiding still by law,
And with an art concealed the art,
In Music's throbs.

In thought unsearched and undevisèd, in flow, as
fluent

As the stars, throughout their courses;
Nor in puzzle, nor enigma, wrought,
But simplified to eloquence.
Give larger vehicle to song; old Masters' hallelu-
jahs!

Whose power, begot in inspiration,
Was born in spontaneity; today choose vehicle
more mighty;

The stately strophe of the Greek, mightier
Than spinet's limit or harpsichord's harassment;
Lines which hamper less, larger note can sound
In wider gamut, in depth and height and
breadth.

And greater wit will find its way; give loftier
flight
To sense and spirit than in Sonnet and old
Sonaten,

Though quaint in classic elegance
And prim in antique song.

April 16, 1904.

COURAGE

WHY do we sing
When all seems vain?
Is it the Martyr's song,
An echo of his pain?

* * * * *

Of courage midst
The foes of earth;
Of trust, though clouds obscure,
In all this dearth
Of joy and mirth
What hope can here allure?

June, 1903.

AN OCTAVE

IN the silent unfolding
Of the frond of the fern,
In its spreading beauty
Our lessons we may learn;
As in perfected lily
Or perfect blooming rose;
For not with noise and tumult
Grows the work; but in repose.

November 17, 1903.

MY BACK YARD

My neighbor's beds are sweet and pretty
In parterre lines, round and square,
The turf cut short, and not a blade
Of bonny blue grass dare
Its head in tasseled shock to lift
Lest sickle's ravage lay it bare.

True, the spots, both brown and gray,
To my eyes more unsightly, than
My little wildwood tangle
Untouched by hand of man,
Nor scythe or sickle, grass head culls
From my little back yard plan.

There are daisies and red roses,
To greet me every morn;
Sweet buttercups and eglantine,
And honeysuckle wreaths adorn
My back yard in profusion
Growing 'mongst some stocks of corn.

Set in deepest mats of grasses,
Whence comes their nurture meet,

Apostrophe to Hope

And giving me a breath of air
My neighbors too, so pure and sweet,
As hand of Nature placed them
Their daily greetings to repeat.

Convention says that they must go;
That Nature is too wild.
And so their pretty heads must bend
By sickle's ruthless blade defiled.
They fall—and to me it seems a dirge
To wasted life, unreconciled.

Convention says thou shalt not
Leave Nature in profusion.
Who dare gainsay this stiff old dame
Who feeds us on delusion!
My soul says, but thou shalt;
Though to her it mean confusion.

Protesting they, as lying low,
While uttering sweet perfume,
To me their ravages most dire
And hard as hand of doom.
Ah me, must I thus say good-bye,
Who shall their beauty reallume?

If, then my tangled wildwood
Must, flowers and all be laid
To sod and soil unsightly,
Beauties doomed to fade,
Whose hand can reawaken
But God's, what He has made?

Sunshine that meant to green the grass
Perforce, must cut and dry the soil,
And colors of prismatic hue
In vain for their perfection toil.
Thus thwarted by the sickle's grasp
To earth their beauteous claims despoil.

June 5, 1904.

CHRISTMAS SONG

WEALTH of gold in sunshine
Of silver in the snow,
Music in the atmosphere,
If we all but know
How and where to find them
With minds and hearts in tune
Pulsing to the rhythm
Of Nature's tender rune.

God favors some to find
This blessèd privilege:
From others oft withholden,
Who look but on the ridge
And not to mountain heights,
Where choicest blossoms bloom,
Where rarest virtues thrive
Sent hence, by noise and gloom.

Flowers in the springtime,
Stars in azure blue,
Birds aloof a-singing,
And only man doth rue;

Of all God's children chosen
 'Tis he alone, who sees
 Nor feels not in his brother
 The kinship of all these.

Too gentle and too true
 To join in din and strife,
 The bird sings while it flies
 Lest in his joyous life
 He learn of mortal envy;
 Which might destroy his peace,
 And wither the sweet flowers,
 Then would his glad song cease.

Give birds air and sunshine;
 Give flowers the light and sod,
 To all who envy, prayers;
 To mankind, love of God,
 That the law of Heaven
 May find, at last, on earth
 Its glory and fulfillment
 In Faith and Hope, new birth.

MY MOTHER'S LAST MESSAGE

"TELL them the glorious news!"
Triumph on Eternity's shore;
Message to absent loved ones
Sent back from Heaven's door.

Glorious to live in the spirit
In the light of her Saviour's face,
Where pain and woe are banished,
Where all are saved by His grace.

From Time through Eternity's cycles
Where naught can fail or destroy,
She passed attended by angels
To a joy without alloy.

Where cycles are not measured
By anticipation, dread, or hate,
But come and go without reck'ning,
Where it is neither early nor late.

The heritage of His faithful
Where naught can fail or decay,
Nor morning, noon, or night time,
But a glorious livelong day.

My Mother's Last Message 135

She had prayed, trusted, and waited;
And her Father attended her there
In answer to His promise
Of blessings, wondrous and fair.

From the high seats of the mighty
In a radiance surpassing sweet,
To shine and beckon us onward,
To encourage our halting feet.

“Glorious news!” Triumphant
O'er earth's vain and sinful thrall!
Oh may we see her face again
When we answer to His call.

September 4, 1899.

I thank the Great Powers that it was given to me, even in so weak a way, to preserve this eloquent message. It seems to her daughter the most beautiful, last message, before entering into the new, and higher life.—L. H. M.

CONSOLATION

AGE is not years;
 'Tis the weight on the heart
Of working and pain
 Of waiting and tears.

Years, but a span;
 They pass like a breath
To Eternity's shore,
 And the spirit's the man.

1898.

MY LOVE AND I

THERE are heart throbs the world cannot see,
 THERE are thoughts that the world cannot ken;
THESE are for mine and for me,
 FAR away from the haunts of men.

THERE are hand clasps so tender and true,
 THERE are glances so fraught with love,
BUT these are for me and for you
 AS the stars are the heaven's above.

1898.

VICTORY

THE clouds lower
And then they rise;
The sunshine flickers
And then it dies.
So, my heart,
Be thou but brave:
As He who watches
And e'er forgave,
Be patient yet;
The wrongs thou hast
Are also His,—He will repay;
Thy victory, last.

November 17, 1903.

A HYMN

THERE is a lot that falls to all
Of shade and sunshine intertwined;
Like shadows cast by moonshine's fall
Which proves the light beyond divined.

'Tis all a part of what God sends
To grace the growth that He desires,
And to this dispensation lends
A sweetness which His care requires.

1887.

THE WIND BLOWS

(NOVEMBER)

YEA, the wind blows,—
Its breath a sigh or a moan.
And in lull and repose,—
A fresh wak'ning dirge or a groan.

* * * * *

'Tis a sigh to the wayfarer, far from home
In lands alone and a-weary,
Its cadences rise and fall like a moan
In his world so lonely and dreary.

'Tis a dirge, when o'er the new-made grave
It marks its lonely refrain,
As if seeking the heart, where no earthly crave
Can disturb or discover the pain.

A dirge, not to the sleeping,
But to the weeping;
Not to the dead, but the living;
Not to the resting,
But to the hasting;
Not to the proved,—but misgiving.

Who escapes the moan in the winds?
Who, the sigh in the heart,
Or hears not the dirge, which always reminds
Of heavenly peace and world's care apart.

'Tis a dirge, not to the sleeping,
But to the weeping;
Not to the dead, but the living;
Not to the resting,
But to the hasting;
Not to the proved,—but misgiving.

1898.

TO C. S. N.

A MIGHTY man has risen!
A king called to his home;
Nor words can tell of thee, reverèd friend,
But works live here, where thou hast been,
Deeds speak of thee most eloquent.
Their aroma, like spice, which lingers long;
Sweet perfume of remembrance
Weaves garlands of the choicest blooms.
And Memory brings her frankincense
To lay all these, not on the tomb,
But on the crown, wrought from earthly cross;
And to the kingly heart, which pulsed with
love
Of all humanity; sympathies attuned to all
mankind,
In kindness, absolute.
Yea, a mighty man has risen! He conquered,
Served, and now he reigns.
Anthems of the glad well done, ring in celestial
strains
To greet his coming to that lovely land
To which he journeyed on, fearless and tearless.
He labored here, revered; filled with earth's
honors;

Empty, these! As now to fairer lands he goes
To meet rewards prepared for such as he.
Words, ye are inadequate; though reverent and
sincere,
When ye essay to sing of him;
For aye, a mighty man is risen.

February 23, 1908.

HONORS MUST BE WON

(TO A YOUNG LAD)

HONORS must be won, my boy;
There are others in the race,
Many noble workers
Pressing on with steadfast pace.

Working not for commendation,
But excellence is their aim;
Let thy banner be "Excelsior"!
Its folds, alone, mean Fame.

So, if honors must be won,
Be fair to one and all;
The more of help, the more divine
The honors to your lot shall fall.

October 24, 1899.

MUSIC

("Far in the past I heard the heaven-tuned voice
That charmed my soul and held me to my choice;
'Twas thine, O Melody.")

O MUSIC, whose soul is harmony,
Enter into our earthly lives
That, by thine acquaintance, we may progress
To higher spheres and loftier.
Thou art the spirit of the spheres,
Thou penetratest to the innermost
Making the refinement of all things earthly;
To lead by thine expansive measures
To celestial joys; poets sing of thee;
But no finite mind may grasp thee yet.
Thou art the language of angels,
By growth, slow yet secure,
Of the spirit toward the Spirit
To him who seeks, shall man learn
Of all thou art; applauded,
Yet much hath man to learn of thee.
Thy mission is to solace, to uplift,
To magnify; by thee, life's great leaven,
Love, shall be cemented; friendships shall be
centered,
Wars shall be quelled by thee

And the minds of men be tempered.

Times shall change, and by thy force and
eloquence

Strength shall come from gentleness

Harmony out of discord; for where thou art
O Melody, all avenues are thine.

Priest, publican, and sinner shall know thee
For thou'rt heaven's chief help in saving souls.

January 21, 1899.

À MME. MARIE CÉLESTE P——

KNOWEST thou the esoteric meaning of a name?
Its content? Mary Céleste; purity is thy fame;
There is a hidden prophecy, which we give not
to ourselves,
As t'were a significance, superseded by the elves.

* * * * *

Laura, for deeds and laurels;
For Josephine, fidelity, wealth, and grace;
For Dorothy, a dignity, and comeliness of
face.

Julia, a dainty ether;
Deborah, lofty, pure, and true;
And in love and trust, I, for Gertrude's heart,
would sue.

Jane, not Jennie, is woeful with Eliza!
Margaret is eloquent for her kind;
While Elizabeth, a test is, of most virtuous
mind.

Ella, not Helen or Elena, is a fancy;
Prophecy small, unto the end;
When in extremest need, for her, you may not
send,
But to Frances, I adore her!

Tho' I've not found the Sallys faithful, or have
you?

Nor Emmas, staunch and loyal, in friendships'
noblest few.

* * * * *

I would not name my child a Rosie,
Lest thorns would grow athwart,
And pierce the beauteous posey,
Deep into friendship's heart.
Rosalie and Adelaide
Are beautiful together,
And should be loyal, firm, and true
In fair and stormy weather.
To Coras, Kates, and Doras,
The poet sends a sigh;
But, unto the Floras,
Weave garlands, fling them high!
So, to you, *ma chère* Marie,
A name *à part*, by faith, was given,
That, by your works, while here below,
You shall ascend to Heaven.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1, 1915.

PUT NOT THY TRUST IN PRINCES

(PSALM CXLVI)

PUT not thy trust in princes;
Hold the best thou hast to give for One who never
fails

As long as thou shalt live, to care for thee;
More than father, for his earthly child,
Or mother, for her nursling.
Love imperishable! through all neglect
Of Him and His commands, save thy faith in
Him.

And when some mortal spirit wounds thine own,
Turn thou to Him. Put not thy trust in princes,
For e'en beyond this earthly pilgrimage,
He hath prepared thy home, forgives thine
inconsistencies,

Withholds so long His wrath.
Gives yet a little time, that thou take heed
That through this Vale of Tears thou may'st
ascend

To His domain to rest; and with the saints, to
help

His work to do on earth; perchance, a messenger
To those distressed; back to this Vale,

To point, unknown to them, the way to that
dear love

That never fails and knows no change.

LOVE AS IMMUTABLE AS GOD.

Put not thy trust in princes, else thy heart

Will yearn in vain for what it hungers;

Famished, ever seeking for its need,

Turned in upon itself to cry, until it finds

And knows Thy love, O Father, and in it rests.

There to fortify for storms, until their stress is
past.

In th' imperishable, limitless shelter of Thy
love;

To shield and break the weight of care upon us,

Which could hurl against the reef of heedlessness

And weakness born within us.

The prince may be the lowliest; yea, as in a
manger

When a King was born; the stars sang

And face of Nature smiled. A little babe, un-
guiled,

And ne'er to sin, The Prince of House Most
Royal.

March 2, 1904.

TO GERTRUDE H——

THOU art one of the loves of my life;
So graceful and debonaire;
So gentle, sweet, and fair;
That I would a tribute pay
Worthy of my love today.

Devoted, loyal, ever,
Thou hast come into my life and heart,
As fragile as a reed thou art;
Yes, fragile as a reed;
Yet strong as a great deed.

In thy love of truth and right,
Thou art sister, daughter, friend;
Not often do the Powers send
One like unto thee,—
As my Gertrude comes to me.

Alas, the days go slowly by;
The future holds for us much more
Than yet vouchsafed; it has in store
Love and a home for thee,
Wherein a heart shall faithful be.

February 18, 1903.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP

("Mysterious cement of the soul, sweet'ner of life, and solder of Society.")

SACRED mystery! true synonym of God,
Of Nature, Love, and Life.
There thou standest, like the great white oak
Nor storm nor stress can beat upon thy trunk
to slay it.
Like Time and Truth, itself, to last,
Stronger growing, 'gainst the cank'rous tide,
Thy fibre ever proving. Rare as orchid
And high as edelweiss, growth of all most rare.
Tested, to stand, like the adamantine rock;
A rod of Moses in the wilderness;
Yea, e'en Aaron's rod, putting forth buds in
barren lands.
Let me know thee, Friendship, for no chord
That hand of man can strike in Earth's great
symphony
Likens to thee. Yea, higher than the orchid
And loftier than the edelweiss, which thrive not
In the lowlands. What soil would'st have?
Equality; first of standards, mind, and soul.
There is a law unwrit, but not unprovèd

Ode to Friendship

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To water with tears of joy and grief
And leaven with waiting and sorrow.
And ye, O Pilgrim, who to fair fulfillment
Would have this priceless boon, will ye not
these
For that which always gives and always has to
give.
Not of the word but of the spirit.
On Fame's declivities, there is naught to take
thy place
O ministering friendship!
Oft have I heard thy strain, and in each zone of
life,
As rare thou art, ne'er obsolete;
But living shining entity. So as the night of
years draws on
Give thyself to mine and me,
In the likeness of God's love, then shall I be
satisfied.
Thou who smilest in the desert of our darkest
desolation,
Ah, thou art the link to God and angels,
The Truth! the Alpha and Omega
The three in One.

August 22, 1902.

A SLEIGHING SONG

ALL Nature is a-smiling,
The happy hours beguiling;
Her jewelled mantle wearing
She reigns a princess, bearing
Beauty; and with wand a-waving,
The magic scene enslaving,
The earth and air a-glitter
With the glimmer and the glamour
Of the glint!

Oh the merry sleighing weather
O'er paths where once was heather;
To the sounds of happy laughter
Hearts beating fast and faster
To the jingle of the jangle
And the boughs bent all a-tangle
In the glimmer and the glamour
And the glitter
Of the glint!

("All we are is in the soul; are you sure yours has had its full development?")

BALZAC.

TO MRS. H——

SHE sees by the light of the soul;
Unerring her sight a queen she walks in the light.
A word, and Nature's beauties unroll;
 The red of the rose,
 The pale of the pinks,
 The light of the heavens
 Where the afterglow sinks
 In its liquid and molten gold,
For she sees by the light of the soul.

* * * * *

When to my vision shall unroll the scroll
May I see by the light of the soul.

February 8, 1903.

SINCERITY

OF all the gifts the gods bestow
Is sincerity the rarest?
Yet to mortals here below,
It is indeed, the fairest.

March 18, 1915.

A THOUGHT

I LOVE the sunshine;
And when the leaden skies its brilliance hides,
A sense of thanks comes o'er me
And all other sense o'er rides
In gratitude for shelter.

October 30, 1910.

GRATITUDE

WHEN I wander in Thy fields, O God,
 Thou upliftest me;
As I pluck the messengers Thou hast sent,
 I learn of Thee;
As I bend the knee to these, Thy gifts,
Asking for their lessons,
 My heart ascends to Thee;
And to the trees, Thy shrines,
In thankfulness for their shade;
Which, with unvarying kindliness
Shelter from the scorching rays,
 As Thy beneficence
In the noonday sun of life.
And their cool effulgence in the night
Soothes the fever of the spirit;
Like the green tent in the wilderness
 Their canopy is rest;
Their leaves and boughs are altars,
Munificent expression of Thy power
Silent and ever reassuring
 As Thy laws.

July 24, 1903.

TO MR. AND MRS. M. S.

WEDDED! Ah, that is a wonder-word!
The old sweet story of hearts entwined.
Of love and hope and faith preferred;
May you therein this emblem find.
God grant that with chaste orange bloom
Shall weave the blessings health and peace
In life's e'er varying loom.

That orange bloom, pure white,
Shall e'er the symbol be
Of what "you ask aright,"
Of love and faith and purity.
"From wrong debar";
And as the shadows lengthen
"Make brighter every star."

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 7, 1909.

THE LAND OF THE LAUGHING WATER

MINNESOTA! Minnetonka! Minnehaha!
Sweet euphony in sky and air!
Nature's voice, in anthem fair;
In full choruses to blend,
Heaven's messages to send
In the rareness
And the fairness
Of the riant splendors of this land
Of laughing water.

MINNEAPOLIS, October 10, 1914.

L'ENVOI

O POESY, thou art the wine-press!

Thou wingèd Mercury!

The bloom and flower of thought;

The intimate utterances of the soul

Carrying balm to the belabored spirit;

Though the thoughtless would not conceive thee.

The Truth! the ultimate, the life,

When by th' Assayer's hand, the dross from
gold is weighed,

O beauteous Poesy!

Its essence; as by the crucible of time and
thought,

Of pain and joy,

That thou givest of thy psychic prophecies.

Time proves thee the expounder of the finest
truth;

For as thou singest, so is he who singeth;

There is no falsity, no mask in thee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1, 1915.







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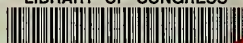
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